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Poetry.

The Song of the Sword.

Weary, and wounded, and worn—
Wounded, and ready to die,
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie,
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and their pity afford;
While with a sad and terrible tone,
He sang the Song of the Sword.

Fight! fight! fight!
Though a thousand fathers die;
Fight! fight! fight!
Though thousands of children cry;
Fight! fight! fight!
While mothers and wives lament;
Fight! fight! fight!
While millions of money are spent.

Fight! fight! fight!
Should the cause be foul or fair;
Though all that's gained is an empty name,
And a tax too great to bear—
An empty name and a paltry fame,
And thousands lying dead;
While every glorious victory
Must raise the price of bread.

War! war! war!
Fire, and famine, and sword;
Desolate fields and desolate towns,
And thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home and never a shed,
While kingdoms perish and fall,
And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
And all—for nothing at all.
Ah, why should such mortals as I
Kill those whom we never could hate?
'Tis obey your command, or die—
'Tis the law of the Sword and the State,
For we are the veriest slaves
That ever had their birth;
For to please the whim of a tyrant's will
Is all our use upon earth.

War! war! war!
Musket, and powder, and ball.
Ah, what do we fight so for?
Ah, why have we battles at all?
'Tis justice must be done, they say,
The nation's honor to keep;
Alas, that justice is so dear,
And human life so cheap!
'Tis sad that a Christian land,
A professedly Christian State,
Should thus despise that high command—
So useful and so great—
Delivered by Christ himself on earth,
Our constant guide to be;
To "love our neighbors as ourselves,
And bless our enemy."

War! war! war!
Misery, murder, and crime,
Are all the blessings I've seen in thee
From my youth to the present time;
Misery, murder, and crime—
Crime, misery, murder, and woe.
Ah, would I had known in my younger days
A tenth of what now I know;
Ah, had I but known in my happier days,
In my hours of boyish glee,
A tenth of the horrors and crime of war,
A tithe of its misery;
I now had been joining a happy band
Of wife and children dear,
And I had died in my native land,
Instead of dying here.

And many a long, long day of woe,
And sleepless nights untold,
And drenching rain and drifting snow,
And weariness, famine and cold,
And worn out limbs and aching heart,
And grief too great to tell,
And bleeding wound and piercing smart
Had I escaped full well.
But though with such sorrow and woe
Thy progress must always abound,
Ah, would it were only below
That the fruits of thy curse could be found!
But war! war! war!
From all that I ever could see,
Full many a groan in the future world,
Must be traced, I fear, to thee.

Weary, and wounded and worn—
Wounded, and ready to die;
A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
On the field of battle to lie;
The dead and the dying alone
Could their presence and pity afford,
While thus, with a sad and terrible tone—
Oh, would that those truths were more perfectly known—
He sung the Song of the Sword.

Selected Tale.

(From Eliza Cook's Journal.)

THE LADY IN THE GARDEN.

AN ANECDOTE OF EASTERN LOVE.

It is difficult to convey by words an idea of an oriental garden. There is always danger of creating a picture too luxuriant and gorgeous, of transporting the reader into the regions of Arabian mythology, of awakening expressions, indeed, totally different from those which one really does experience when wandering in the place themselves. What wealth of materials for poetical enumeration! What poverty of effect! These are the first exclamations that rise to our lips at sight of the result of the utmost efforts of Egyptian horticulture—for I speak now especially of Egypt.

Palm, pomegranate, fig, sycamore, olive, orange, and citron trees could not be disposed in a more picturesque and tasteless manner than, for an example, in the garden of Moharrem Bey, (near Alexandria)—where if any lovely group does present itself, it is entirely the creation of accident. Trees among the Moslims are in general regarded simply as fruit-bearing, or as shadow-giving; and I never could make any one of them understand the applicability of the word *kwoyes*—"beautiful"—to anything that was not of immediate utility. Women are *kwoyes*, good puddings are *kwoyes*, pure water, strong coffee, fragrant tobacco, and a cool shade, are all *kwoyes*; but the shade of a ragged tent is on a par with that of the grandest sycamore.

The garden "belonging to Moharrem Bey," as it is called, but which practically belongs to the public, is a vast space of ground, part orchard, part kitchen-garden, and in part, though as I have said almost accidentally ornamental.—The walks are straight, bordered with trees, generally small and irregular in height. Here and there is a kind of arbor full of cobwebs and dried leaves, and at one point a very handsome kiosque [illegible] tions, but entirely for the purpose of creating a dente, con shame. Thither the Alexandrians repair in crowds towards evening, in order to enjoy their pipes and gaze at the toilettes of the fine ladies—European, of course, or, at any rate, Christian; for when a *harem* favors the spot with a visit, the doors are closed, and all profane males rigidly excluded.

One evening I went to the garden with two friends, one a Levantine, and, one, as the ladies called him, a Muscovite. There had been rather a hot wind, so that very few thought it comfortable to be out of doors, and we found the walks almost deserted. Now and then a figure would cross slowly at the bottom of a long vista; and once we heard some children laughing in a thicket; but these circumstances only heightened the feeling of solitude which came over us, as we strolled languidly along, and obeyed unresistingly the impulse first to lower our voices into a whisper, and then to relapse into silence.

As I have said, there is no intentional beauty in the way in which the trees are arranged; but accident is sometimes a great artist, and one little avenue running east and west presents a charming perspective, especially at that hour.—We entered it by the eastern extremity. The sun was blazing full upon us, with its almost horizontal beams, over the garden wall, and made us pause to notice the curious effect. It was like a furnace at the bottom of a cave of verdure. Our eyes were dazzled. Not only was it impossible to look straight ahead, but even the forms of the trees seemed to waver before our eyes, as a thousand beams of gold, and green, and purple, and crimson, worked their way through them. Presently, however, the sun sank out of view, leaving the tips only of the trees, as it were, gilt with light, and allowing us to see the various forms of the branches, the masses of leaves, the dark shadows, the track of bright green. All the trees which the garden produced were grouped there, and at various intervals the huge, ragged leaves of the banana drooped gently across the path.

We had resumed our walk when suddenly a group presented itself coming down towards us, intercepting the last rays of light. With the exception of one old gentleman, wearing a beard of huge respectability, they were all women encased in barbaras, or black silk mantles, under which were seen what may be called aprons of blue, red, yellow, green, descending from the chin to the feet. Most of them carried their veils in their hands, showing that they belonged to a class of Levantines which is beginning to consider itself civilized; and a collection of prettier and more expressive faces it is difficult to imagine.

There was one, however, that surpassed all the rest in loveliness; but loveliness of a peculiar kind. The countenance, though apparently belonging to the young in years, was far from holding out that delightful promise of a first passion which is so irresistibly attractive to whoever possesses a sensitive mind. Every future, even in its intense repose, seemed to bear the record of having once been kindled by powerful feeling; the mouth was, as it were, languid with too much smiling, the eyes were faint with too much weeping, and the pale flag of melancholy was hoisted in those cheeks, that erewhile had glowed with health and joy.—Other faces tell of romance to come; this told of romance that had passed. It was impossible for me to behold it for a moment without desiring to know the details of the history of which there was a reminiscence in every look.

My companions were not remarkable for perspicacity, and vulgarly fell in love at first sight. I could as soon have thought of falling in love with a young wife, weeping over the grave of the first-born. The deep interest, however, which I felt, and which was revealed in my manner, was mistaken by my friends for a passion so much stronger than theirs, that, after the ceremony of introduction was over, they instinctively allowed me to address myself to the pensive beauty, and by degrees to monopolize her society. But the character of my attentive notice was not mistaken by its object, and I was rewarded by a kindness and familiarity of behavior, that drew upon me a variety of nudges and several very audible whispers of the effect that I was a "deuced lucky fellow." I considered myself so; though not in the sense in which they understood the words. Miriam was a charming person—quite a lady among her people—and without being very lively, entertained me, as we walked a little apart of the company, with most amiable conversation.—The interview lasted less than half an hour; but before it drew quite to a close, our intimacy seemed so to have ripened, that I ventured to acknowledge the interest her appearance had awakened in me. A deep cloud of sadness instantly settled upon her features; two or three large tear-drops twinkled amidst her splendid eye-lashes, and she said to me, almost with a motherly expression: "Young stranger, it were a piteous tale to relate, yet if I had the strength and courage, I would do so. Believe me, however, the narrative would be neither amusing nor instructive. Such sorrows as mine are too common in the world to suggest any other moral than this—mankind was born to suffer, and perhaps you have already lived long enough to know that the brighter and keener are our hopes, the more bitter is our disappointment."

We returned to town soon afterwards; my companions had learned that the lady had just arrived from Syria, and proposed to remain some time—probably for good—in Alexandria. She was said to possess a fair fortune; but, singularly enough, no one knew precisely whether she was married or single, maid or widow. This was the more remarkable, as among the Levantines, every one is related more or less to everybody, and the most private matters are discussed, and canvassed by the whole community.—Whether the old gentleman with whom she lived knew more than he chose to tell, or not, my friends could not decide. They both joined me in declaring Lady Miriam to be a most beautiful and interesting person, and very ob- [illegible] it would seem to mankind, maliciously followed up this declaration of opinion by suggesting that there was something very suspicious in her history.

I subsequently learned the truth from the lips of Miriam herself. As she had fore-warned me, it was the old story of disappointed hopes over which the world has wept for thousands of years, and over which, alas! it will ever continue to weep. But there were some incidents that gave a peculiarly Eastern stamp to the narrative. She was a native of Damascus, in Syria, but had left that city when about the age of fifteen, and gone to Constantinople, where her father set up in business. I thought myself transported back to the times of Haroun El Rashid, as I listened to how this merchant arrived in the great city, how he took a shop and spread his goods for sale, and how of one piece of gold he made two.

As he spoke, and seemed to cast about in the deep recesses of her memory for facts, I made a curious observation, the truth of which was afterwards confirmed. It seemed as if she was older than her appearance at first testified, and that sorrow, instead of having induced premature decay, had, as it were, petrified her, and caused her to retain through a long succession of years the very aspect she wore when misfortune fell upon her.

She had a little delicacy about telling me how she became acquainted with *him*. Possibly, like many other young girls, in a sentimental adventure for its own sake. The object of her love was a youth, less remarkable for beauty than for a certain princely demeanor, a certain elevation of views, a certain reckless violence of passion peculiar to himself.—He insisted that, for some time, their acquaintance should be kept a secret from the father—promising when the fitting moment came to demand her hand with such circumstances of splendor as would insure success. When asked who and what he was, he answered with some hesitation, that he was the son of a prince, a king, somewhere in the north; and Miriam guessed that he came from one of the Danubian princes, which she had heard were Christian.—Having full confidence in his honor, and conceiving that he must have some powerful motive for mystery, she abstained from pressing him much on this subject.

They used to meet in a little kiosque or pavilion in a garden behind her father's house, near the borders of the sea. The young man used to come in a little caique with a single attendant, who remained on the watch. Miriam at first brought a faithful black girl as companion and protector; but soon disregarded his precaution, and confided herself entirely to her lover. Long and sweet moonlight nights, bright and balmy days, they passed together, whilst the old father was at business, or in bed. It was the season of spring, and Nature seemed to soften and grow more beautiful to please their young senses.

At length a little cloud gathered on the horizon. The father announced that the time of marriage had come, and that he had sought for and selected a husband. There is a good deal of routine in these love affairs. Miriam had not the courage to acknowledge, and the old man had not the wit to understand. They were neither of them more angelic than the Capulets, and, Eastern ideas aiding, the sad history of that family menaced to repeat itself. A powerful will, however, intervened to force the current of events into a new channel.

Two nights after Miriam had communicated to her lover the proposed marriage, she was sitting in the kiosque, looking forth upon the broad expanse of waves that danced and kindled in the moonbeams. She had sat there the previous night and waited in vain for the coming of what she considered as the star of her existence; and that night the usual hour had long since passed, when she beheld a large caique with an awning or cabin approaching along the shore. She shrunk a little backwards, behind the shadow of a myrtle-bush, lest her presence might be observed by strangers. But the caique advanced boldly to the usual landing-place, and her lover leaped lightly ashore, and ran to meet her. The first embrace over, he invited her, in a wild reckless way, to come on board his caique, and enjoy an hour or two on the water. Not displeased, though, somewhat puzzled by his manner, she went. He took her into the cabin, and there, when the crew of sixteen men had plied their oars for some time, confessed that he was taking her away from her home. She expostulated at first; but he soon contrived to console her by promises that her father should know of her safety, and that very shortly she should behold him again. How easy it is for a young girl to believe in the words of a lover!

He took her to a palace with a large garden surrounded by high walls; and there, having become his wife, she passed some months in a happiness which he lacked words to describe.—To her this was the great feature, the chief incident of her story. She enlarged on the occupation of every hour, on the delicious walks and exquisite meals they enjoyed together; on the anguish of his absence that imperceptibly became more frequent; on the boundless delight of his return. Her only real cause of uneasiness, however, was that by frequent observation she discovered that her lover always contrived to retire from her at the Mohammedan hour of prayer, the dreadful suspicion entered her mind that she had given herself up to the enemy of her race and faith.

When this idea first presented itself, it threw her into a perfect agony of terror and despair; but on contemplating the excessive devotion displayed towards her, she contrived, with the sophistry of woman's love, to persuade herself that she might atone for the sin she had committed in thus quitting her father's house, by rescuing a soul from the hands of Satan. Thus the very motives of her shame and grief furnished her with topics of consolation.

Time passed on, and her lover began to prolong his absences for days together. She questioned her servants; but they all professed, perfect ignorance of the locality where they were. Provisions were brought day by [illegible] were permitted to go forth. At length he came one evening, evidently in a state of excitement, and, though he endeavored to be cheerful and loving, could not conceal that he was in expectation of some great event. An hour or so passed in moody silence. Then there was heard a mighty murmur in the city. A crowd came to the gates of the palace; there was a great stirring and bustle. "Do not ask me to say anything further," cried Miriam pressing her hands to her forehead. "I heard it said that Sultan Mahmoud was no more, and that Abd-el-Mejid reigned in his stead. I never saw *him* again; but was taken back to my father's house. I found the good old man waiting for me with impatience. He knew more than I did, indeed. Offers had been made and rejected. Dire necessity, incompatible pretensions, alone caused our separation; and here I am, with the revenues of a princess if I choose to demand them, but with a heart that can never know real joy, though it may know contentment. My father died last year, and I have come for a change to Egypt; but I feel ill at ease in this country, and I shall probably return to Damascus next spring. My house will always be open to receive you."

Such was the explanation of this lady's melancholy. I wept with her over her misfortunes, but her tears were soon dried. She seemed, after all, to derive more pleasure than pain from the contemplation of her past existence; and, indeed, the only circumstance which gave her keen regret was the fact that her lover had been of different creed. I often went to see her, and learned to consider her state as a very endurable one. She had exhausted the joys of life, it is true, within a few months; but she could transport herself back to that period of pleasure.

Before her departure for Damascus a nascent *embonpoint* revealed the perfect tranquility of her mind; and when I pay my promised visit, I expect to talk again over all these things with the serene and portly dame of whom the outline was then only just beginning to fill up.

WANTED, AN ORGANIST!

The church organ, had, for years, been the great musical anxiety of the parochial district of Twirlington. It was a "Father Smith;" had seen its best days; and, to use the idiom of Captain O'Sullivan, bothered the organist entirely. If he played on the full organ, people complained that the shrill sesquialtra drowned their voices. If he played on the diapasons, or the choir organ, people could hear nothing, and could not follow the tune. If he used the swell, it jerked the people into the middle of the next verse. One half the congregation said the organ wanted power; the other half thought it too loud. The first half thought there was too much music in the service; the second half declared that the Litany and responses ought to be chanted, as at St. Bell's Church, Oxford, Place, Cambridge street. The only matter they agreed in, was in worrying the organist, and in determining not to spend a shilling on the organ to make it better.

After some seven or eight years of bad gering the organist gave up his situation, very much impaired in health, and reduced in spirits to a state of chronic melancholia. The vicar had contrived to get the parish into debt, for certain repairs and alterations of the church by a contract, the terms of which few of the rate-payers understood; and, havig made a sort of composition with a wealthy tallow-chandler for the settlement of the contract, the taallow-chandler's daughter was quietly induced into the vacant situation. Nobody understood anything about the reason for the choice, except that Miss Kidd was an indifferent pianist, and that her father was a sort of bill discounter, and had a great deal of property, together with six votes in all parochial elections. Although the vicar's 'set' were satisfied, people of taste became angry.

Matters, however, went on as usual. The vicar, the Reverned Prebend Schuckscuttle preached as heavily, and spent the same number of months in the country, as of old. The new organist's style was execrable, and her touch unsteady. She took a long time to forget that an organ was not a stringed instrument; and, instead of holding down the keys to sustain the sounds of the longer notes, brought out the fine old psalm tunes in short puffs of the most aggravating *staccato*. To increase the tortures of the Twirlington amateurs, Miss Kidd's brothers, sisters, and intimate friends got up such a powerful choir, that while it advantageously drowned the orgrn, it bawled down the voices of the congregation. The service itself was neither cathederal nor parochial, but a clumsy medley of both. One set of psalms were chanted, and the others read, without even a rabical reason for the distinction. The choir, destitute alike of taste or training, sang the penitential and thanksgiving psalms with the same deafening, but unsteady vigour. The whole performance, vocal and instrumental, seemed to consist of a series of jerks, which made people tremble for the organ case and the organ gallery. One beautiful feature throughout, was the compact uniformity of the whole service; for no one could detect the slightest variation in the import of the words, or in the character of the melodies.

The Reverend Prebend Shuckscuttle cared very little about things in general, and still less about music. He hated the pedal pipes of St. Doncaster cathedral, because they burred over his head while he dozed through the afternoon cathederal prayers; and he had an indistinct notion of the musical profession as being made up respectively of organists, of people who gave lessons, and of theatrical performers. Fog, the junior churchwarden, made a bother now and then, but he was afraid of the vicar; and Stegg the seinor, or vicar's churchwarden, never said anything, but what the vicar said about anything.

Just about this time, the Reverned Epitaph Bronz threw the neighbouring parish of Foxglave-upon-Willows into a fearful turmoil, by suddenly turning to the East, cutting down his ample shirt collar to the even dimentions of a hoop, and opening an extensive account for wax candles with Mr. Kidd, senior. People began [illegible] plied both parishes with candles, and that their hearts turned towards Rome. Miss Kidd's supposed religion gave more offence than her bad playing; and the vicar stood attainted with the charge of bringing in a Roman Catholic organist, to serve matters of private convenience.

But the Reverend Prebend Shuckscuttle was not easily put out of his way. He evaded the pertinent questions of influential individuals, and took care never to listen to those of the mediocracy. As to interfering with the organ, "he could not thick of putting the parish to any expense."

At length, fortunately for the Twirlington parish, the Bishop of Smithering rewarded the Reverened Prebend Shuckscuttle for having a great deal of money, by giving him a great deal more, in the rich living of Duggenfield West. A successor was appointed immediately. This gentleman was an active and pleasant sort of man, liked things properly done, and began to remedy much of his predecessor's mismanagement. Miss Kidd troubled him sadly. He could not get rid of her, because the appointment was understood to be permanent; although a nominal re-election was kept up every Easter Monday. He was, moreover, too much of the gentleman to interfere with a female under any circumstances. He, however, quietly cashiered the choir, and compelled Miss Kidd to content herself with the charity children.

But the Kidd family were bent upon the singing somewhere; and not content with appearing in the chorus of the Royal Society of Secillian Amateurs, they transferred their vocal strength to an unmitigated and undisguised Roman Catholic chapel in the neighborhood, and with which this patriarch of the Kidd's had recently made a most advantageous contract for wax lights. Miss Kidd suddenly discovered that she had been guilty of great moral impropriety in leading the psalmody of a Protestant church, while her heart was in Rome; and, to quiet the pangs of a smitten conscience, she 'went over'—but didn't return one penny of the Protestant slary she had been receiving.

Mr. Twirk, the musical authority of Twirlington, had just returned from the Continent, bringing with him several scores of Corelli, most beautifully transcribed by an Italian *maestro*, two violins of fabulous ages, and a plan and programme of the contents of about half the continental organ-cases. Being personally acquainted with the new vicar, the state of the church organ attracted his attention at once.—A subscription was gradually opened. Meanwhile a violent dispute arose respecting the person to be elected to the situation vacated by the secession of Miss Kidd. Several candidates appeared, but three only had a chance of success.

Mr. Nicholas Newbern was the 'favorite' with the evangelical ladies. He brought great recommendations for piety from two Dissenting preachers and one Church of England clergyman; but his musical testimonials were mostly from unknown members of the profession.

Mr. Thompson Brogue was a clumsy, thickset, ill-dressed man, whose chief recommendation appeared to be that he really did not want the situation. Good living, and the lazy ease enjoyed from a little private property, and in his office of secretary to the Twirlington Literary Institution, had produced an amount of gout which rendered him incapable of performing, except ocasionally, at the church at which he was already engaged. His playing was of the heavy style, without much dignity. He never touched the pedals by reason of the gout; but groaned away upon the lower manual, till the melody was confused in his indistinct grovelling for correct basses; which he seldom found. His performances, in short, were a musical edition of his personal appearance—heavy and confused.

The third popular candidate was a 'harmonious blacksmith.' He was a quiet, sober, honest man and made a fair living by shoeing horses, and other farier's work. Few people disliked him; and he was known to possess an excellent ear for music. But his education was totally insufficient for the situation. He could play a mild extemporaneous voluntary with taste and some finish; and he combined the stops neatly. But of the Church services he knew little, and was not a safe 'timist.' He was largely a favorite with the plebian portion of the community.

Canvassing, questioning, promising, declining, eqivocating, "seeing about it," considering, persuading, regreting having promised—and all the other forms and ceremonies connected with election matters, were going on most actively.—Plenty of spleen, endless ill-nature, invididious comparisons, personal allusions and direct sarcasms, were distributed with copious freedom in the parochial district of Twirlington. The vicar was tired of the matter, and, foreseeing that there was little chance of getting a good player, declined interfering. Mr. Twirk was in agonies.

Suddenly, circulars appeared, announcing that Mr. Sebastian Bach Schulze, sub-organist to St. Doncaster, intended contesting the election. He was a pleasant man of thirty, and seemed master of every instrument he touched. His popularity began to be great among the musical portion of the congregation. Twirk took him by the hand energetically, and introduced him to all the musical parties in the parish. The new candidate began to shake the confidence of the respective patrons in the other three. The system of "trial" determined on was as follows:

Each candidate was to perform the service for a Sunday, and they were then to play against one another on a certain day. After this, there was to be a fortnight's canvass, and then the "tug of war."

Sunday, and Sunday, and Sunday confirmed the now rising impression respecting the inefficiency of the three previous candidates, and people began to be anxious for the new candidate's performance. On that auspicious occasion, Mr. Twirk accompanied Schulze into the loft, and offered to manage the stops for him. But Mr. Sebastian Bach Schulze knew his business too well for that.

In the Twirlington, as in most of Father Smith's organs, the diapasons and op [illegible] were clear, rich and melodious; and the swell [illegible] erly managed—tolerably good. Want of bass was the grand mischief, and a single octave of pedal-pipes to GG, ill compensated for the unevenness of manual bass in short octaves, running in the following whimsical rotation, GG, CC, CC, sharp, tuned to AA, DD, and so on. The easy manner in which Schulze sate at the instrument, contrasted with the paroxysmatic jerks of the previous performers, would have satisfied any one that he was a master. Firm, marked, and distinct; faultless in time, mellow, and subdued in tone, his playing was at once artistic and church-like. His concluding voluntary developed powers that no one had believed could be elicited from the old, abused Twirlington organ. All the other players had cried out against the instrument and made it bear the blame of their incompetency. Mr. Schulze said very little, but sketched out a plan of improvement.

The people of good taste or impartiality had made up their minds to vote for the new candidate. But there were too many opinions in Twirlington, to allow merit to have an undivided influence. In the first place, a great number of people resolved to vote for Mr. Nicholas Newbern, because he was a "yong man just beginning the world." A greater number did not scruple to designate Mr. Nicholas Newbern with the strong expression that he was a "sanctified humbug," and declared their resolution to vote for Mr. Thomas Brogue, because they cared nothing about music, and had known him a long time. The farrier's large family was a prepossessing reason for the patronage of mothers; and the sympathy in his favor was increased by his honest confession of the greater ability of the new candidate. Another set of persons resolved not to vote at all, to avoid giving offence, and another set voted for the old candidates, because they didn't want the church turned into an Opera House."

Meanwhile Mr. Twirk had secured for his friend all the musical interest in Twirlington, in spite of a report that if Mr. Schulze got the situation, the parish would be plunged into debt and bankruptcy, to build a new organ. Another [illegible] was that he was a German Roman Catholic, [illegible] a Calvanist; another, that he was going to be married to a public-singer; another, that he knew the Reverend Epitaph Bronze, and that he was going to introduce Gregorian chants, and Puseyism in general. Fortunately, however, it came out that Mr. Nicholas Newbern had twice been in the county-jail at Slocumb-upon-Thames, for debt; and that his piece was a novelty, only dating from the recent epoch when he gave up skittles. This changed the old maids and Evangelical party, and brought a wonderful accession of strenght to the collecting forces of Mr. Sebastian Bach Schulze.

At length the election day came. The Brogue party made a last effort by calling upon the Twirlingtonians to opose foreigners and Puseyism—a call which gave much entertainment to its object and its adherents. Despite the hand-bills, squibs, reports, mis-statements of the poll, and other electioneering manœuvres, Mr. Sebastian Bach Schulze found himself successful. The farrier shook him by the hand, congratulated him with honest sincerity, and went home, a little disappointed, perhaps, but without a shade of ill-feeling.

A few weeks after, a vestry was called to determine on the steps to be taken for the repairs of the organ. Hawks, the upholsterer, declaimed against any such proceeding, because "the music cost too much already." Shotts, the haberdashor, was for voting fifty pounds, when Mr. Twirk quietly announced that upwards of three hundred pounds had been subscribed by private parties, and that nothing but voluntary offerings were required. Grumbling and opposition were silenced, and the malcontents relapsed into whispers of Popery, Puseyism, Papistry, Jesuitism, and the Seven Hills.

At last, despite all opposition, "a grand performance on the organ, re-constructed for Twirlington parish Church," was announced by Messrs. Green and Smith, and a large party of amateurs and idlers were assembled at their workshops, on the rough seats "run up" for their accommodation. Mr. Schulze gave a performance that showed not only the player, but the organ. Confining himself wholly to sacred music, he displaced alternately the sweetness of the portions preserved from the old organ, and the power and scientific appliances of the modernized ones.

People wondered when they heard the mellow old diapason pipes blending with the ponderous tones of the new pedal organ. They were surprised to find that, although the power was trippled, nothing seemed noisy. In a word, whilst a large portion of the organ was of some two hundred years standing, the superstructure grafted on the old foundation, seemed to have always stood there. Despite the number of couplet stops the pedals yielded easily to pressure, and spoke simultaneously with the touch of the keys.

The Twirlington organ met with equal favor when it once more appeared in the old gallery Although it contained nearly double its former number of stops, no one complained of the noise, and although it was suspectible of every variety of change, no one complained that they could not follow its changes with the voice. But this was owing to the organist.

Strict in making the instrument subservient to the voice, he made use of the fancy stops sparingly, and then made them serve to give the key-note; for which their purity and distinctness admirably qualified them. Nor did he make the perfect construction of the instrument an excuse for perplexing feats of skill. A quiet, regulated dignity; ajudicious blending, not a violent contrast, of light and shade, was the prevailing features of his playing, and the calm soberness of his style was only equalled by the quietness with which he occupied his seat. The musical services were infinitely improved without any one being bothered with out-of-the-way changes. The Brogue party felt that they had only placarded their ignorance, and kept silent in the vestry on subsequent Easter Monday's, when the re-appointment of the organists was mooted.

The "harmonious blacksmith" often gets a

[*Concluded on fourth page.*]